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WESTERN UNION.

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DEBATE

BETWEEN REV. MR. CAPLES AND ELDER DR. HOPSON.

Forenoon Session.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11—9 A. M.

Prayer by Rev. J. H. LORANCE.

The President Moderator read the following proposition:
FOURTH PROPOSITION.—The Holy Spirit, in Conviction and Conversion operates only through the word.

Dr. HOPSON affirms—Mr. CAPLES denies. Dr. HOPSON'S first argument was grounded on the depravity of man since the fall. No one acquainted with the Bible, or knowing man, would question this universal inherent depravity. We are prone to do evil; day by day inclined to wander away from God. This depravity renders man incapable of redeeming himself. The object of our Savior's sacrifice and of the revealed word, are to restore man to that state from whence he has fallen. The Bible is competent to accomplish this work. To say that God has given us a system for our salvation which is incompetent to save us, is to impeach his wisdom.

Conviction relates to, or is the prelude to change of heart and change of life. God never will bless a man, until his heart and life are changed. No individual can at all understand the subject, who will deny or question the operations of the Holy Spirit, in producing change of heart. No man can call Christ Lord, but by the Holy Spirit; but it operates, it brings about this change of heart and life through the Word of God. When he said the spirit operated only through the Truth, he was not to be understood as denying miracles. It is when a man is afflicted by the Hand of God; when a wife or child has gone into the grave, or when some other misfortune has fallen upon him that a man is led to reflect upon, to hear and to read the truth of God. Thus the Holy Spirit, through the Truth, brings about a change of heart. I contend that to the operation of the Spirit, in producing conviction and conversion, the instrumentality of the word is indispensable. The inquiry here, is not what God could do; but what God has promised to do. God has power to take persons to heaven without their passing through the grave, as Enoch was.

The word of God is able to produce the change of conviction and conversion. 2 Tim. iii, 15.—And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The word "able" means that the power in reference to which it is used, has sufficient ability; that no other power is necessary. If the Bible is able to save; if it is able to accomplish salvation, it is also able to accomplish the conviction and conversion of the sinner; for how is the sinner to be saved without being first convicted and converted? If the religion contained in the Bible is not able to save, the fault is in the wisdom of God. The spirit is the only agent in conviction and conversion, the word is the only instrument. On the day of Pentecost the people were pierced to the heart, when they heard the words of Peter; in that case it is plain, the words were the only instrument of conviction. The spirit employed his words as an instrument, and not an electrical, intangible, incomprehensible manner of exerting an influence.

1st Peter, i, 23.—Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. The word of God is the only seed.

Eph. vi, 17.—And take the Helmet of Salvation, and the Word of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. The word of God is the sword of the spirit; it is a strong expression, and confirmed what the speaker said of the spirit being the agent, and the word the instrument.—No instance can be produced of a single conversion, where the word of God was not employed. The word is always employed as the instrument yet, if there was a person present who was not converted by the influence of the Holy Spirit, he was not converted at all.

Does the spirit, in the direct mode of operation which is without authority claimed for it, illuminate the mind upon doubtful points of belief? Does it convince, by direct operation, upon the mind? Is it not more reasonable that the spirit and the word always act together, and that neither ever act separately, except in case of miracles? The jailor, so often alluded to during this debate, might not have heard a sermon previously to the miraculous interposition in favor of Paul and Silas, but he heard them singing, and the word of God can be conveyed in this manner, as well as by preaching.

Mr. C. had asked how the evil spirit operated on man. Only two instances are mentioned in the Bible of such influence; one in the Garden of Eden, and the other, the temptation of Christ, on the mountain. In both cases, words were the medium or instrument. In our daily intercourse, there are two influences operating upon us in opposite directions: there is the good influence of the Holy spirit, acting through the word of God, heard from companions, or ex-

isting in the memory; and there is the bad influence arising from the evil words of those whom we converse with, or whose books we read.

Mr. CAPLES said no one ever denied that the word of God was able to perform its part in the system of salvation. That the scripture contained all the necessary instruction to bring a man to God was the very doctrine he believed in. This, however, does not prove that the spirit uses no other instrument.

Man, in his Fall, lost not only his position, but the image of God. For his recovery, it is not only necessary that he should have the word, but he must have a cleansing life giving, and quickening power. The carnal mind is at enmity against God, and not subject to his law; it is dead to spiritual life, and must be roused and animated by a renewing and quickening power; it must have the agency of the Holy spirit. He was willing to admit that the word is the main agency; but God, in employing this agency, did not deprive himself of the power of direct application to the heart of the sinner. That system of belief must be shockingly deficient which would confine the operation of the spirit to a single agent alone.

1st Cor. iii, 5-7.—Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man. I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. This verse throws a little light on the subject. Paul refers to the Word. He had planted; Apollos had watered; the seed was good, but there was no crop.—The seed had no power in itself to increase; the power of God was necessary.

So the farmer may cultivate his ground, his seed may be good; but there must be sun and rain, or there will be no increase.

It is not said in any part of God's word that the spirit is limited to one agent, and it is not for us to limit it. The preparation of the heart to receive the Word must come from God, as requisite to make that Word efficient—as Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul."—Acts, xvi, 14.

Acts, vii, 51.—Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye. From this charge made against the Jews by Stephen, it appears that a man may resist the workings of the Holy spirit.

The Savior said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." How can that be? said Nicodemus. The Savior replied, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Here Christ speaks of the spiritual regeneration, when he mentions a new birth; for he proceeds to say, that which is born of spirit is spirit; and that which is born of flesh is flesh. Marvel not that I said unto thee, thou must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit. There is nothing about the application of the ordinance of baptism that would make this language applicable, so expressive is it, of mystery in the mode of operating. This draws away the idea of the figure of a natural birth being the figure intended to be used in speaking of the new birth. The idea is that of a new creation, the manner of which is a mystery, but the effect, the spiritual renewing and regeneration, complete. It is evident that the Savior speaks of a purely spiritual birth. We must be able to love God with all the heart. The effect produced is too great, to be accomplished by anything less than a direct and powerful application of the spirit, breaking up the heart, and creating it anew.

Stephen, in addressing his persecutors, does not say ye do always resist my word, but ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; not ye resist my preaching, as your fathers did the teaching of the prophets; but ye resist the Holy Ghost. Man indeed, possesses the fearful power of resisting the Holy Ghost; he is still left fully a free agent, notwithstanding his friendly offices. If the spirit operates only through the word, why does it not always produce the same effect? The reason it does not, is because the ground is not always alike broken up, owing to the various degrees of resistance which men offer to the Holy spirit.

The speaker made new birth and conversion of soul to God, to be synonymous. In conversion there is a spiritual baptism. Conversion is not a mere change of opinion; it is an entire change of the whole heart, visible in all its affections. What the converted man once hated, he now loves, and what he once loved, he now hates. This is to be born of the spirit, this is conversion to God.

John xv, 26.—But when the comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning. Here is concurrent, but independent testimony. The spirit and the apostles were to be witnesses through all time.

Acts v, 31.—Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins. Here the Savior is said to give repentance to Israel, and to be exalted to be a Prince for that purpose, and the forgiveness of sins. There is a parallel verse in Acts xi, 18.—When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

Does the Devil who is a spirit have a written code? surely, if the fallen angel works by direct influence, God would not limit himself to a single agency, and that indirect. God has not signed away his right to meet the mortal foe of God and man on equal footing. Man proves from happy experience, that where the spirit is, there is liberty. Spirit can operate on spirit, God, who gave us our spirits, who planted with in us our hearts, and endowed them with feelings, can operate upon the spirit and upon the heart. God knows the Devil is working upon our hearts; and God has direct access to them too. To deny this operation of spirit on spirit borders too closely on materialism to be tolerated in the nineteenth century.

THE DUEL.

From the "Friend of Youth."

BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

From the commencement of our Revolution till the year 1815, a period of forty years, England was engaged in war without any intermission. These wars were with the thirteen colonies, or United States, France, Spain, Holland, the French Republic, Bonaparte, and again with the United States; sometimes singly, sometimes with several of these nations at once.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th June, 1815. That year the army of England amounted to three hundred thousand men; and in 1845, although she had enjoyed thirty years of peace, her standing army was still one hundred thousand strong.

In time of peace one would think that such a host of soldiers could not be required for any purpose; and they probably are not, but it is the policy of such Governments as that of England to keep as many men in the public service as possible. To say nothing of other purposes, it is easy, in an army of a hundred thousand soldiers, to have four or five thousand commissioned officers, who generally belong to the class of gentlemen—a class that is found to furnish the most useful and the most submissive slaves to those who feed them. The most useful, because, being well-born, well-educated, and well-connected, they are very capable in themselves, and very influential with others; and most submissive, because they are so well paid, and have no other service than public office which it suits them to accept.

The army of England is crowded with officers who enter it merely as a trade or profession, by which they may get a living. A horrid business it is, indeed, to undertake to do any killing of men anywhere that the Government may command, without asking any questions, without knowing or caring whether it is right or wrong! But so it is, when rightly understood; and yet we must not be surprised if we find, once in a while, a man too good for such a trade engaged in it, for it is generally thought honorable, even the most honorable of all professions, and but few stop to enquire if it is also right.

My story will introduce the sort of man that is an exception to the rule.

To be perfectly candid with my readers, I must inform them that I have forgotten the names of the persons that I am to tell about.—The precise place where it happened has also escaped me, but I am sure that it was somewhere in Ireland; and the exact date is gone too—but I know that it was after the year 1815, and before the year 1835, for that was the time when I heard it.

The general peace of Europe, which followed the fall of Napoleon, released the army of England from foreign service, and after reduction to about one-third of its former number, it was distributed among the military stations within the kingdom and provinces. A large number of the surviving officers of the field of Waterloo were garrisoned in Ireland. They were generally men who had been hard served, and had carried their honors and offices in the battle field; but a considerable number of new men received appointments through favor of their wealthy and powerful friends, and came among the veterans with commissions in their pockets which gave them high rank in the army.

The old soldiers, naturally enough, looked upon these raw recruits as mere upstarts and intruders. They despised them for their inexperience, and hated them for the justice suffered by their promotion. In a profession where honor is gained by killing the country's enemies, it will scarcely be thought immoral to hate the individual's rivals and supplacers.—The Apostle John says that murder and hating one's brother go together. And, taking the military sentiment for the standard of judgment, it is mean to beg or buy promotion, where other people have to fight for it. But this is done elsewhere, as well as in the British army; for the officers which are thought the most honorable are often obtained by means the most dishonorable.

The hero of my story was in this situation; and whether he deserved the judgment we have passed upon his class, or not, he certainly suffered it in full measure. He had obtained, by patronage, the appointment of Ensign, after the establishment of peace, and was quartered, with some dozen or twenty officers of Wellington's army, in one of the cities of Ireland. An Ensign is the lowest commissioned officer, and the salary, or pay, is so small that it is a saying, "if an Ensign has wine for dinner, he must go without supper." Our Ensign was very poor—he was friendless, very young, and constitutionally shy.

On the other hand, the officers of the station were generally well supplied with money, and had nothing to do but spend it; they lived fast and high, and were, by all their habits and tastes, unpleasant companions for such as he. Besides his retiring manners, there was something else in him which disinclined him to their society; and exposed him to their dislike; this was a certain air of self-respect showing refinement and culture, and a strict propriety of language and manners, which quietly, but all the more severely, rebuked their general looseness and rudeness of conduct. They hated him for the manner he entered the army, and still worse for his personal character and demeanor among them. All this had its effect upon him also, and so the breach between them widened every day.

A certain amount and kind of courtesy he was entitled to, by the rules of the service; this they gave him; but so sharply measured out that every salute was an affront, and every look an insult, and he might have had cause of quarrel at any moment that he pleased. It was, in fact, the settled purpose of several of these men to drive him out of the army by their incivilities, or to drive him into a duel, and so dispose of him finally.

This grew worse continually. The contempt of the older officers for the young Ensign, and his repugnance to them, increased with every meeting, until they paid no kind of respect to his feelings, and he avoided them with a caution that looked like an antipathy. The worst of all was the evident conviction in the minds of the whole garrison that he was a coward—

a character most shameful in a soldier, and, in any man, a weakness that renders every other virtue worthless.

Poor fellow! he was alone, friendless, and without a dollar in the world but his monthly pay. With these beggarly circumstances he was a scholar and a gentleman, with feelings rendered over-sensitive by high culture and recent misfortunes. But his chief impediment was a conscience—a religious sense of right which left him no liberty to relieve himself or mend his prospects by any means which the highest morality forbade. He suffered much every way, and most of it all he endured for "righteousness sake." Of course he had the strength and nobleness which such a sentiment bestows; but it is easier to do great things than bear little ones. There are more heroes than saints in the world. St. Peter was not afraid of the soldiers in the garden, but he was ashamed of his master in the Judgment Hall. To bear disgrace, and shame, and scorn, to stand quiet under suspicions that drive one out of society, for the sake of a principle which nobody believes or respects—this is cross bearing.

Our young hero occupied the position of a soldier and a gentleman, with the character of a coward and a slave! It was a bitter cup, and his enemies kept it constantly to his lips.

One day he received an invitation, as a matter of course, to dine with the General in command, who had just arrived at the station. A meeting with his brother officers promised him to pleasure, and he was personally a stranger to the General, who knew nothing of him but by report of those who despised him. He managed to arrive at the latest allowable moment, and he contrived to procure a seat at table next to the General, who, both as his host and superior officer, was bound to afford him protection from the taunts of the company.

I need not say how the dinner hour passed with him. Totally silent and neglected, except for the necessary notice of the General, the time, so full of pleasure to the company, wore away heavy and painful to him; but he was contented to escape rudeness, and made indifference comparatively welcome.

After the cloth was removed, the wine circulated, the company drank freely, the mirth grew loud, and the presence of our young friend was nearly forgotten, until a circumstance of a startling character brought him into notice. The General suddenly cried out, "Gentlemen, I have lost my watch—I had it in my hand ten minutes ago, but it is gone." A painful suspense instantly followed; every man exchanged glances with his neighbor, until at last every eye settled with suspicion upon the young Ensign. Who but he, of all the company, could be guilty of such a crime? Besides, he was, perhaps, the only man near enough to the General to effect the theft. Such thoughts as these were in every mind—they left not a shade of doubt. The miserable wretch was caught at last; and there was as little pity as respect felt for him.

"Shut the door," shouted the Colonel of the regiment, "no man leave the room. The watch is among us, and it concerns every man present to fix the guilt where it belongs. I propose that a search be instantly made, and let it begin with me."

"By no means," interposed the General. "It shall not be so. No gentleman is capable of such an act. A hundred watches are not worth the impeachment of any gentleman's honor. Say no more about it. It has no special value above its price, and I care nothing about that."

"But, General," said the Colonel, "the watch is in the room. One of us must have it," looking sternly at the young Ensign, and the wretch must be driven from the station. We cannot have a pick-pocket among us, and we cannot consent to have a moment in doubt who the wretch really is. There is no fear that the shame will fall on any unexpected place. We must finish the fellow now, and be done with him."

The Ensign sat steady, motionless, but pale as death. Every eye was fixed upon him, and to every eye the signs of guilt were perfectly clear. The General had no doubt of it, and he was the more anxious to prevent the search on this account; but he was overruled, and submitted. A few minutes sufficed for the examination of every one present, till it came to the Ensign, who was left purposely to the last.

"Now, young man," said the Colonel, turning and advancing toward him, "now, sir, it is your turn;" his face looking perfectly savage with scorn and hate. "The watch, sir, without a word or a moment's delay!"

But a terrific change had passed upon the long-suffering, patient boy. He sprang from his seat with a scream so wild, so fierce, and so full of agony, that every heart stood still a moment with surprise. In that moment he had planted himself against the wall, drawn his sword, and taken the attitude of defence.

"Come you to search me, sir, as you would a suspected thief? On your life, I warn you not to offer me that indignity. My dead body you may search, but not my living one. Approach now if you dare. I defy the whole of you as one man!"

Instantly the Colonel crossed swords with him in furious combat.

"Hold! peace! arrest them!" cried the General, and sprang forward himself to prevent the fray. At the first step, the watch rolled on the floor? He had missed his job, and now the watch fell from its concealment in the violence of his movements. The company was electrified. The conduct of the Ensign was inexplicable! He had braved destruction, risked his reputation, and periled his life, on a point of honor too nice for his superiors to feel; and he had insulted and defied them all in one breath, and there he stood justified and victorious before them!

It was too much to bear, for they were too much excited to understand it. Their determination was taken, and the company dispersed with resolutions set and purposes inflexible.—The General seized the opportunity to apologize to the Ensign for the unhappy mistake which led to the quarrel, and requested him to call upon him that evening at a late hour.

Our hero was scarcely in his own room till the Colonel's challenge was presented to him. Without a moment's delay he answered the

second who brought it: "I will not accept this challenge to mortal combat. I am opposed to the duel in principle, and I will not be driven from my sense of duty. You all know what I have already endured rather than revenge or defend myself by taking life. I think you have done your worst, but if not, I am prepared for it. I am my own master, and will not allow any man to dictate my opinions as a matter of right, or compel me to conduct which my heart and head condemn."

"Sir," replied the second, "you have seen fit to include me among the men who despise you, and you are right in that opinion. Let me tell you, that cowardice and conceit covered with preaching and canting, will not protect you.—You have grossly insulted every gentleman in the garrison, to whom you were odious enough before, and you must either give them the satisfaction which the code of honor approves, or you must leave the army. He assured of that."

When he met the General that night, and informed him of the challenge, and his refusal that officer shook his head, and looked at him sadly and earnestly if not doubtfully.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I am afraid it won't do. These men will not be satisfied with an argument, and it is plain that you are not the man to make an apology which convinced that you are right, nor do I believe that they would accept anything short of your resignation. You have now got the ill-will of the whole corps, and to-night you affronted them mortally. I am sure you can't know how sharply your conduct as a language touched them, and your triumph only aggravated the offence. And now, your refusal to accept the Colonel's challenge is, under the most favorable construction, an attack upon the code by which military men govern themselves toward each other. I can't escape. Fight you must, or your challenge will heap upon you such personal indignities as will make your life intolerable, or drive you into violence, which will amount to the same thing as accepting his challenge. I saw that in your eye to-day which convinces me you are as brave as Julius Cæsar. Yes, I saw something braver than mere physical courage, and I felt its superiority; but you cannot convert the world and reform the army soon enough to answer your own ends, and you must submit to its rules, or be driven from it and disgrace. I honor your principles, for I understand them, but you cannot maintain them."

Our hero's reflections that night must be left to imagination. The difficulties which surrounded him, the comparisons that were upon him, can be known only to those who have been tempted and tried to the utmost, with the world and their own necessities against them.

In the morning he accepted the challenge.

Having the right to choose the weapons, he named the small sword. When the Colonel heard this, with a touch of feeling, which all his bitterness could not extinguish, he said: "Does the moth know that he is dabbling into the danger?" The second answered, "I told him that you are reputed the best sword-dancer in the army, and begged him to choose pistols, which would give him some chance of equality in the fight, but he declined. In fact, I don't know what to make of this young fellow—he likes the sword he has chosen to fight with, he is a fighter, and yet so cowardly and nervous sometimes he is such a mixture of Methodism, mawkishness, that I cannot make him out. And, Colonel, he is not a light bargain either, for anybody. It seems to me that you were making nothing of him yesterday, when the General ordered. The fellow actually stood up handsomely, and made very pretty play with his weapon. To tell the truth, I'm beginning to like him a little, and I feel sorry that he must be disposed of in your peculiar way."

The Colonel uttered, grimly, "If I must kill the rascal, I'm glad he shows some pluck and capacity in the business; I don't want to be a boy-butcher."

The next morning, at early sunrise, they met on the field of honor.

When the ground was prepared, and the champions stood armed and ready, the Ensign suddenly lowered his sword point, and addressing his antagonist, said: "Sir, I am here under compulsion, merely. I do not consent to this practice. To me it is absurd as it is wicked. It settles no right, and it redresses no wrong. Let me say, then, that if my patience has given way under your persecutions, and I have, by a hasty word or act, justly offended you, I am willing to retract it. What is your complaint?"

"Young man, I came here not to preach, but to fight. I came here not to confer with you about nice points in casuistry, but to punish your impudence; but, if you have no relish for that, I will spare your life, on condition that you leave the army—take your choice."

The Ensign's answer was prompt and firm: "You will have it so—I am guiltless," and the fencing began.

The seconds and witnesses had never seen such a display of skill, and they never dreamed of such a result. In five minutes the Colonel was disarmed, and at the mercy of the insulted and outraged boy!

Heated by the struggle, and excited by the imminent peril and bloody bitterness, and fury of his enemy, he turned from him somewhat haughtily, with—"I have taught you a lesson in sword play, and now I will set you another, which you need even more—an example of moderation in success."

The Colonel's mortification and rage seemed to know no bounds.

"Accept no favors from such a canting, phrase-making, sentimentalist—such a mere fencing-master—such a trickster, and conjuring sword-player as you are," the Colonel burst out through his grinding teeth. "You knew well what you were about when you chose these toys to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor left in you, let me have pistols. I tell you this quarrel is not made up. I will not have my life at your gift. You shall take it, or I will take yours. The quarrel is to the death, and there is a blow to clinch it," striking at the Ensign in a transport of passion, which he avoided with equal coolness and dexterity.

The seconds interfered, and then the spectators cried shame; but it was clear enough that blood must flow before the parties should quit the ground. The Ensign's sword, carried away by the excitement, urged him to accept the new challenge on change of conditions, for he despaired of any other adjustment.

"Will nothing satisfy this madman but my life?" said the young officer, deeply agitated.

"You have made him mad," said the second, and there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. You have the right to refuse, having already spared his life, and I will sustain you, but I do not advise it, for it will be unavailing in the end."

"I have gone too far," replied the Ensign, sadly, too far from the line of strict principles to recover it now. I cannot any longer say that I am opposed to fighting; I have broken down that defence by yielding to an expediency which I thought a safe one. Oh, it is horrible! I did not dream this morning that I might die a fool's

death to-day."

"You will accept the offer," hastily interposed the second; "you must be a good shot, with such an eye and hand, and such self-possession as you have shown to-day. If your pistol matches your sword, you cannot miss him, and upon my soul, he deserves it, and I say let him have it. You accept."

The Ensign stood silent. The ground was measured, the pistols prepared, and the combatants stationed. The word was given. One—two—three. The Colonel's pistol was discharged at the instant, and the Ensign stood untouched. He had reserved his fire, and had the right now to take deliberate aim. Steadily he raised the deadly weapon till it bore point blank upon the Colonel's heart, and then it rested a minute in terrible suspense; not a nerve quivered, not a limb trembled in either, and the spectators held their breath hushed as the death they waited for. But suddenly wheeling, the Ensign marked a point in a different direction, at twice the distance of his antagonist, and pulling the trigger, delivered his ball in it, breast high. It was a centre shot, and instantly fatal if a living man had stood there. The next instant, throwing down the pistol with decision that could not be mistaken, he cried out: "I will go no farther in this wicked folly. If there is nothing else left for me but murder or submission, I will submit."

The grandeur of his position was too striking now to be mistaken or denied. The Colonel was the first to acknowledge it. Twice within the hour he owed a life to the magnanimity of a man he had so much abused. That man stood now vindicated, even by the hard laws of war and honor; he was neither trickster nor coward. Possibly the Colonel felt a smothering of the higher nobility of the young man's principles, but I will not be sure of that. He found him brave and generous, and that was enough, without looking deeper for the hidden springs of the nobler life within him.

Advancing to him, he offered his hand, apologized frankly for all his misconduct, acknowledged his misconception of the character which he had put to so severe a trial, and added that he was willing to owe him to "the bravest man he had ever met, either as friend or foe."

"Brave!" said the young man, with the color mounting to cheek and brow. "Brave! Colonel—pardon me—Heaven pardon me! True bravery consists in refusing to fight altogether. But I have betrayed a principle which I should have valued more than life; I have risked my life—not for that principle, but to gratify a caprice; I am the miserable hero of a miserable falsehood, instead of the martyr of a great truth. I have lost confidence in myself, and men's praises only mock me."

From the London Punch.

Last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning, November 11th, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pickney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by explaining his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar-railing of St. Mary's church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jones' party at Brixton two years ago, that Mr. Pickney was there and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in a most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pickney had barely attained his twenty eighth year; but there is no belief that for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his young brother Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep? to which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take any thing more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dresscoat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trousers with variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corazzi of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands with all present; and on being asked how he slept, answered,

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